

N I N E
SATYRS,
O R
Moral POEMS.

Satires

Written by a Plain, Right down Lover
of Truth and Honesty.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.*

Juv. Sat. 1.

P. O Curas hominum ! O Quantum est in rebus inane !

M. Quis leget hæc ?

Perf. Sat. 1.

Printed for No Body but those that have a Mind
to Read it. 1703.

NINE

SATYRS.

OR

MORAL POEMS.

Written by a Plebeian of the downy
of Truth.



Quintus, Augustus, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus, Marcus, Commodus, Septimius, Gordian, Philip, Maximilian, Constantine, Julian, Jovian, Valentinian, Gratian, Theodosius, Honorius, Justinian, Justin, Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, Claudius, Augustus, Julius Caesar, Pompey, Crassus, Cicero, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Propertius, Tibullus, Juvenal, Persius, Lucan, Seneca, Seneca the Younger, Plautus, Terence, Ennius, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, Pliny the Elder, Pliny the Younger, Petronius, Martial, Juvenal, Persius, Lucan, Seneca, Seneca the Younger, Plautus, Terence, Ennius, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius, Pliny the Elder, Pliny the Younger, Petronius, Martial.

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Printed for the Author by M. G. S.

T H E

Bookseller to the Buyer.

YO U ask me, Sir, the Price of this Book: But I'll assure you, I can't set you one, before I let you know, that I'm engag'd by the Author not to sell it, but upon this Condition; That when it is in your Possession, you wou'd not pretend to make a Key to any one Character contain'd therein; unless it be where you may chance to find your self concern'd: There you have free Leave to cry out, as loud as you please, I am meant; I am struck at. And if you mend upon it, you make the Book worth your Money: You have the true Benefit of Reading; and the Author the true End for which he wrote: Who has endeavour'd, to the utmost of his Power, to show himself a Satyrist, or Moral Poet; and wou'd by no means be thought one of those vile Creatures, call'd Lampooners; who make it their business to Defame; who set People up, in their Scurrilous Scribble, but for Laughing-stocks to one another.

T H E

T H F

Bookeller to the Buyer.



T H F

THE
First SATYR.

Silvius upon me call'd, not long ago,
To visit *Lausus*, as we wont to do;
Not out of Compliment, to sit and chat,
Of this, and t'other, and I know not what:

But to improve each other by Discourse;
By which the Most make one another worse.
'Mongst various Things, which then betwixt us past,
On Poets and their Works we fall at last:
And having on the Subject talk'd a while,
Lausus on *Silvius* casts a pleasing Smile;
And in persuasive, winning Tone doth cry,
What you can this way do, I prithee try;
This way your Talent, I believe, doth lye.
Says *Silvius*, I can make a Verse, 'tis true;
But, thank you, do not care for making Two.

Lausus not finding him to Rhiming bent,
Tries to compel him to't by Argument:
And thus he sets upon him; Tell me why
You're thus averse to writing Poetry?

Sil. Because I know much better how, my Friend,
My Time, which lies not on my Hands, to spend;
Than in loose way of Writing to engage;
The Nufance, and the Scandal of the Age.

Did I to you Unkindness ever show,
Shou'd cause you here to put upon me so ?

Lau. I ne're had Cause from you, nor Cause do seek,
Our long and faithful Amity to break.
To me you always have obliging been :
To you was I e're disobliging seen ?
I'll own, I'm base, when I advise the Thing,
Shou'd to my Friend least Disadvantage bring.
When Verse was Product of a Flame Divine,
True Beauty in each Syllable did shine :
But grew deform'd, when Men began to trust
To the distemper'd Heats of Wine and Lust :
Virtue's first Rules to Man in Verse were shown :
Law and Religion first in Verse were known.
'Tis nothing else but Verses grand Abuse,
And common Usage, that defames the Muse.

Sil. Tho' on account of Scandal not debarr'd ;
Yet shun I it as Task for me too hard.
How painful 'tis, what Labour to compose ;
There's no Pretender but too sadly knows :
He Mutters, shakes his Head, and bites his Thumbs,
Wry Faces makes still at each Line that comes.
Sometimes when Brace of chiming Words are got,
Where to have Sense to them he knoweth not :
When he has Sense, sometimes an Hour or two
To Crambo goes, before the Rhime will do.

Lau. But if good Poet shou'd with Labour strain,
'Tis Greatness of the Birth doth cause the Pang :
And when brought forth, good Verses, Wit and Sense,
The Author's Labour fully recompence.

Sil. But he, without large Stock of Sense will write,
Labours to bring his Weaknesses to light :
And Sense upon the World is badly spent ;
Meeting more Envy, than Encouragement.
So, whether I shou'd write or well, or ill ;
'Tis best to keep my Fingers from the Quill :

Why

Why should I change my Ease, to live in fear
 Of the condemning, scorning Censurer?
 That Height of Excellence they can't attain,
 All Vile, Ill-natur'd, Vulgar Heads disdain;
 Wou'd lessen by their Malice, and their Hate:
 There's Levellers of Wit as well as State.
 These by their Numbers in the World prevail;
 Are ever listen'd to, and ever rail.

Lau. Value not what this Sor, and t'other says;
 Equally slight their Censure, and their Praise:
 That these no more than what they are, may seem,
 Let's take a short Survey of some of them.
 Some formal Sirs the best of Wit arraign,
 As Flashy, Light, Impertinent, and Vain;
 And thus do act under the Grave Pretence
 Of *Cato's* Brow, when they want *Cato's* Sense:
 These fancy Poetry some fatal Thing,
 Shou'd it prevail, wou'd on the Nation bring;
 Or Plague, or Famine, or the *Gallick* King.
 Others have try'd for Wit in Verse, but fail'd,
 And ever since at versifying rail'd.
 Some are so wedded to old fashion'd Ways,
 To all was said or done in former Days;
 That nought they like, but what the Ancients writ;
 Slighting the Modern, 'cause 'tis Modern Wit.
 Were ye to see a World of People read,
 Mark where they Smile, where Frown, and shake the Head;
 Where graciously they Nod, are pleas'd, admire,
 And where in going on they seem to tire;
 They wou'd your Laughter, or your Pity move;
 And no ways Galling and Offensive prove.
 Censure of such can't pull your Credit down:
 Censure of such must add to your Renown.
 Whate'er ye say, ye're sensible there's none,
 That's Judge of Wit, only the Witty one.

Sil. Criticks are partial grown to that extreme,
 For one bad Line, whole Poem they'll condemn:
 There's no Security in trusting them:
 Nay, they'll aver, tho not one Fault therein,
 That so, and so, much Finer it had been.
 Their Business is to show themselves more Wise
 Than Author upon whom they Criticize.

Lau. Sure ye'll have right, by Brother Poets judg'd.

Sil. They always to each other Fame have grudg'd;
 They ever think another's Merit shown,
 A lessening and detracting from their own:
 Commendatory Verse on Book set forth,
 Is more to show their own, than Author's Worth.
 Here the best Judges are the most unfit:
 No Emulation like to that of Wit.
 Ev'n those, by reading which they Knowledge gain,
 They'll by ill-natur'd Censure seek to stain:
 Tho' these, like Ignorants, won't condemn in whole;
 Yet what they cannot Blame, they'll say is Stole.
 Booksellers Judgment before theirs I'd take;
 Who Praises as he does Advantage make.

Lau. Come, do but try, you'll find, I'll warrant you,
 True Judges better natur'd far than so:
 It will your Name, if not your Fortune raise:
 Trifles are Crowns of Gold, to Crowns of Bays.

Sil. Cou'd I like *Juvenal*, or *Horace* write;
 Or reach the *Mantuan* Swan's, or *Milton's* Flight;
 Then might I this way think to gain Renown;
 Make some Pretence to the Poetick Crown.
 But for me with my little stock of Sense,
 Were height of Vanity, to make pretence:
 When of the Poet I have nothing more,
 Than being scorn'd, unfortunate, and Poor;
 Wanting full Head, tho not an empty Purse;
 Qualify'd only with the Rhimer's Curse.

Wonders, d'ye think, I am not like to do?
 Fye, fye, no further your Request pursue!
 The World, I think's, already plagu'd enough,
 With mean Pretenders, and their wretched Stuff.
 Tho' I could never it obliging see;
 Its Torture shall not be increas'd by me.
 But say, this way I shou'd by Chance succeed,
 Shou'd Taking be; (and that's a Chance indeed)
 Whilst that to please, with tedious Art I strive,
 I lose all Pleasure, on the Rack I live.
 Hard Bargain 'tis, the Labours of the Mind,
 To sell for Praise, Man's Breath, a little Wind.
 By Study, why shou'd I contract Disease,
 Ungrateful Man to gratify and please?
 Who, shou'd I ne're such Pain for him endure,
 Wou'd not bestow one Sixpence on my Cure.
 Applause I will not buy at such a rate,
 As for it I my self must justly hate.
 As to the raising Fortune by it; this,
 To bring me to't, your weakest Motive is.
 To crying Chimney-Sweep, or Pudding-Pyes,
 For doing this had been more Sage Advice;
 Since that from such Beginnings it is known,
 Men unto Aldermen have often grown:
 Whilst that the Rhiming Trade cou'd ne're prefer,
 Poet to th' Office of a Scavenger.
 But *Crowns of Bays*, ye're pleas'd to say, *are things*
Of greater value than the Crowns of Kings:
 This, *Lausus*, was a brave, and noble Stroke;
 The most Bemus'd cou'd not have loftier spoke.
 Tho' these their Art ne're maketh Rich and Great;
 Yet makes amends by raising their Conceit.
 Of Men tho' these the lowest, meanest are,
 Yet to themselves the highest do appear.
 This is the best that can be said for them;
 Their Life's a pleasing Cheat, a sweet deluding Dream.

The

The Gods and Heroes all, they proudly boast,
 E're were maintain'd, e're liv'd upon their Cost :
 Thus by their Art, they Life to others give ;
 By which, 'tis known, themselves cou'd never live.
 Hence they complain the World doth use them ill ;
 That no one throughly weighs their Art and Skill.
 If they have had the luck some Sense to hale
 Into well-footed Lines, with Rhiming Tail ;
 This raises, lifts them up to such a height
 Of vainest Pride, as makes them fancy strait,
 The World's main Business, chief Concern, and Care,
 Is to consider of what Worth they are.
 There's not amongst 'em Scribbler to be found,
 (So much in their own Sense they all abound ;)
 But vainly thinks, the Richest Golden Mines,
 Too little to reward his Leaden Lines.
 I smile to hear him talk of Noble Flight ;
 Of soaring up beyond the Vulgar's Sight ;
 Mounting above the fordid Earth, so far,
 Until he knocks his Pate against a Star :
 With Scorn and Pity, then looks down below,
 To see what vain and wretched Mortals do.
 At the same time, the Noble Spark doth lack
 Bread to his Belly, Garment to his Back :
 And himself the most vain and wretched is,
 Amongst those Mortals he doth so despise.
 So craz'd as these none can I ever think ;
 Not those in Love, in Bedlam, or in Drink.

Lau. This rallying here, this drolling on the Muse,
 Come, come, for you, my Friend, is no Excuse :
 'Tis all but a put-off, but meer delay ;
 Spoken for want of something else to say.

Sil. Well, if I must, pray let me know my Task :
 What is the sort of Writing which you ask ?

Lau. Try to do something in Heroick Strain.

Sil. If that I should, I fear, 'twill be in vain.

Lau.

Lau. Tho with the Best you hope not to excel;
Yet try : I fancy, you'll do pretty well.

Sil. There is no pretty well in Poetry:
We must or *Cæsars*, or meer Nothings be.
Since reach I can't, much less the Best out-do;
And write I must; thus importun'd by you:
There is but one way left for me to take,
Famous and Eminent my self to make:
To try to write worse than the very worst
Of Hero Fops, was e're to Rhiming curst.
Prodigious deal of Art must needs be shown,
In writing worse than Multitudes have done.

Lau. The Mager's odd : but since you'll have it so;
Come, try to give me here a Flight or two:
And then you faithfully shall have my Sense,
Whether, this way, you have an Excellence.

Sil. Took I for Subject, Old Romanick Knight;
After this very manner wou'd I write:
Raife me, ye Sacred Nine, for here ye ought,
Above the common Bounds of Human Thought:
To swell my Verse no little Rage there needs,
Up to my Hero, and his Noble Deeds:
His more than Manly Self must be by me
Describ'd in words: that look as big as he:
His more than manly Acts must I rehearse,
In more than manly Stile, in more than manly Verse.
His Bulk, like Cedar lookt, wheree're it stood;
Others to him were Shrubs and Under-wood.
In Labour, Pain, Hunger and Thirst, he lives;
Loves 'em, and counts 'em his Prerogatives.
Often he traverses the Globe in 's Shirt,
Turn'd Frock of Mail, in time, with stiff'ning Dirt.
And whensoe're he happens to have Cloaths;
'Tis ten to one, he wants Hat, Shoes, and Hose;
And when he has both Hat, Shoes, Hose, and Coat;
They often are not all scarce worth a Groat:

And

And wanting them, all he can make of Riches,
 Won't to his Buttocks add a Pair of Breeches.
 There's nought of Weather, that the Hero fears;
 He, with uncover'd Head, the Thunder dares;
 Slights Rain, and Wind, and Hail, and Snow, and Sleet;
 Will stand a Tempest, till he wearies it:
 Then shakes himself, after that all is o're;
 Thus gives a Show'r, as Heaven did before:
 But with an Aspect more serene than that.
 So, unconcern'd, again puts on his Hat.
 Of all the Heroes we in Metre see,
 None e're uncas'd so many Souls as he.
 O're the Invincible does Conquests gain;
 Often slays those are never to be slain.
 When I engage him with a single Foe;
 Thus I his Skill do with his Courage show:
 First, sternly speaks he, without Huff or Bounce;
 Foe! Thee unhappy Shadow I pronounce;
 Yet happy, yea, thrice happy shalt thou be;
 That thou the Honour hast to fall by me.
 Then, the first Blow his Head he doth divide,
 Down on each Shoulder looketh either side;
 Abash'd, quite out of Countenance, to see
 Themselves thus parted by the Enemy:
 Seeing him thus render'd unfit for Fight,
 With a kind Stroke cuts him asunder quite:
 Of single Foe, thus makes him double Man;
 Then bravely bids him do the worst he can:
 And then with fiercer Rage doth on him fly;
 And kills him in the twinkling of an eye,
 Whene're I make him on an Army fall;
 He lays about him, till he slaughters all;
 Kills till he makes those places where he stood,
 Mountains of Bodies moated in with Blood:
 And then, thro Blood and Blades, through Dust and Death,
 O're Hills of Bodies on he travelleth.

So

So as you'd think, to see him from afar,
 A moving Castle made Offensive War.
 When his blunt Sword will no more Stab and Rive,
 The Dead he throws, and knocks down all alive.
 To give the Hero, in a word, his due ;
 He such prodigious, such vast Numbers Slew,
 That the whole World of putrid Carcasses stunk,
 And *Charon's* Boat beneath her Lading sunk :
 Souls went so thick to their last Fatal Home,
 In Hell the Devils wanted Elbow-Room.
 When he wants Mortals here below to Beat,
 The Gods Immortal thus I make him Threat :
 (When once he's rais'd, he must not lose his Heat :)
 Gods, do your worst ! ye ne're can me abash,
 With Thunders Roar, nor yet with Lightnings Flash :
 Look to your Selves, if me ye much displease ;
 I certainly will Drub ye, Deities !
 If I begin, in spight of all your Pow'rs,
 I'll Scale your Walls, I'll Storm your Crystal Tow'rs.
 And yet this mighty Huffer of the Gods,
 If Miss and He but chance to be at Odds,
 Is the most Supple, the most Soft of Men,
 Till Dear and He be Reconcil'd again.
 At Sullen Look from Her, or Scornful Frown,
 The Hero drops, the Hero's in a Swoon :
 And after coming to himself again ,
 In these sad Words, he sadly doth complain ;
 Death horribly I dread from thee, I prize ;
 Which, in a rougher Figure, I despise :
 Nothing but only thy resistless Charms,
 Me Conquers, Me, the mighty Me Disarms.
 In living Colours thus wou'd I set forth,
 Exactest Picture of Heroick Worth ;
 That the rude World might copy Virtue thence,
 Be truly taught Civility and Sense.

Lau. Your Aim propos'd this way, I fear, you'll miss;
 Worfe Hero's I have seen by half than this.
 But I my Mind more fully shall declare;
 When, what you more can do, I further hear.

Sil. Were I to draw a Battel on the Main;
 I'd soon with streaming Veins the Ocean stain:
 Or else I strait wou'd turn, (and that's as good,)
 A Sea of Water, to a Sea of Blood;
 And when the fierceness of the Fight was o're;
 The Waves I'd stiffen with congealed Gore.
 Were I on Fight, at Land to show my Art;
 Of what I'd say, this sure shou'd make a Part;
 Upon the Morning of the Bloody Day,
Sol in my Verse shou'd rise with smiling Ray:
 And when the well-rank'd Armies I engage,
 I'th' very heat of all the Battel's Rage,
 O'th' side I'd beaten have, the Colours Red,
 Paleness shou'd wave, the sign of Death and Dread;
 And the same Colours, when they ran away,
 Shou'd blush for Shame, that they shou'd lose the Day.
 The conquering Part I'd make great Courage draw
 From the brisk Crimson in their Flags they saw;
 Whose Sight shou'd be so helpful, and so good,
 It back shou'd pay their mighty loss of Blood:
 The wounded Soldier wonderously sustain;
 Thorough the Eye supply the bleeding Vein,
 Were I to draw a Courier, thus I'd do't,
 Whether he were a Horseback, or a Foot;
 Hast'ning some Grand, Important News to bring,
 To some great Emperor, or Potent King;
 In his Career he shou'd out-strip the Wind;
 So fast shou'd fly, swift Fame should lag behind.

Lau. By some quaint Figure, thus you wou'd, I warrant,
 Make the poor Fellow come without his Errand.

Sil.

Sil. Were I to draw, —

Lau. Hold! hold! enough! enough!

This ne're will do; this is poor creeping stuff:
Heroick Bards of the High-flying kind,
Mount till they Reason leave far, far behind:
Whereas your Fancy takes so weak a Flight,
It hardly soars out of gross Senses sight:
Seeing you ne're will Hero-Writer make,
Desire I must, you'd Satyr undertake.

Sil. You cou'd not harder Task for me have chose:
Think you, my Friend, what 'tis you here impose:
To measure Sounds, and fine quaint Words to chuse,
Won't do the business of Satyrick Muse.
The skilful Satyrist must strictly scan,
Must know the Measures of the Life of Man:
Must shifting Man through all his windings trace:
Strange, unaccountable, laborious Chase!
Nor is't light Scoff, which makes the Vulgar Mirth,
But what the strong, and solid Head brings forth;
Which will for Satyr pass, for Wit of Price;
Such as may prove a standing Check to Vice.
Many, alas, pretending to Lampoon,
And laugh at others Nonsense, show their own:
I the like Hazard have no mind to run.

Lau. In what this way you write, your knowing this,
Well qualifies you not to act amiss:
Observing others Errors, you may shun
Those Rocks, unhappily they dash'd upon.

Sil. To write true Satyr, is a thing so nice,
That most are vicious in correcting Vice:
This sort of Writers are such open Hearts,
Vice strip so near to its uncomely Parts,
That their Corrections all mere Lessons prove;
And teach those very Crimes they wou'd remove.
And Lewdness this way they so long have taught:
None can write Satyr, but will Lewd be thought:

If Mirth the least o're his grave Truths doth play,
 Though he be ne're so Innocently Gay.
 Then take he must peculiar Heed and Care,
 When at his Vice he strikes, the Man to spare:
 It must be seen in his free, generous Stile,
 That to Reprove he means, and not Revile.
 This noble Temper of the Mind put on
 By Satyrift, we'll grant: but when 'tis done,
 Whom can he make believe, that feels him Bite,
 That 'tis to show his Love, and not his Spite?
 'Tis hard, 'tis hard, to hit this Mark aright!
 Then, many of the more malicious Sort,
 Will to ill-natur'd Sense his Words distort:
 In all he writes will make him nothing mean,
 But what will gratify their private Spleen.
There such, and such he hits; and there again:
 And this they say, because they hate the Men.
There upon such a one he's cruel smart:
And there he wounds another to the Heart.
 When all his innocent Intent and End,
 Is to endeavour a base World to mend;
 Distemper'd, crazy Minds to render sound;
 To Lance a Sore; not give a hurtful Wound.

Lau. 'Cause by the Bad you'll be misunderstood;
 Shun you Endeavours of the doing good:
 Come, apply Satyr to its end design'd;
 To cure the sickly Habits of the Mind.

Sil. No, Men so far are gone, I'll not engage,
 To be Poetick Doctor to the Age.

Lau. Physicians then do gain most Credit sure,
 When those, seem past recovery, they Cure.

Sil. Their Skill is seen as much, when well they know
 Whether Disease be curable, or no:
 So I'll not Write, to show my Skill the more;
 This lamentable, crazy Age give o're,
 As past the cure of Verfe, nay, Hellebore.

Lau.

Lau. Few Patients are there, can bare Pill endure;
Which, sheath'd in Sweets, doth make a pleasant Cure:
Thus naked, bitter Truth from Pulpit press'd,
Which too, too many loath, and can't digest;
Sweetly disguis'd in pleasant Rhime, will do;
Upon 'em steal whether they will or no.

Sil. To tell Men they are Sick 's a fruitless Tale;
When they themselves think that they nothing ail:
Whether or no, alas! we gild the Pill,
Bare off'ring of it will be taken ill.

Lau. But Fault to check, is not its only End;
True Satyr, also Virtue must commend.
Now, by gross Sense, we so at all things guess;
That greatest Worth 's despis'd in homely Dress:
Thus Divine Virtue much Esteem doth lose,
By being cloath'd in course and ragged Prose.
There 's nothing like Poetick Gay Attire;
Men may by this be tempted to admire:
And nought to Action them so well doth move,
As with their Work making them first in love.
Virtue in Verse so lively we might draw,
So Beauteous, it should both allure and awe.
In Prose, indeed, we may our Minds rehearse,
But nothing moves like the smooth flowing Verse.

Sil. Were Virtue drawn livelier by me or you,
Than Great *Apelles* his Fair *Venus* drew;
Picture is all, to which it might pretend;
'Twou'd please the Eye, the Life 'twou'd never mend:
The Skilful might perhaps vouchsafe a Look;
Cry, 'tis well done: then throw away the Book.
Earth kind Returns makes to the Plowman's toil;
But Man's a barren and ungrateful Soil.
Wou'd you have Virtue into practice brought,
When 'tis the Mode, the Fashion to be naught?
Wou'd not Pink'd Dublet, Ruff, and Inch-verg'd Hat,
Were they now seen in Dress, be hooted at?

In vain 's this way, the best of Pain's bestow'd;
Virtue will ne're be valu'd, till in Mode.

Lau. What's meaner than the Base and Vile to loath;
 What's greater than bold Champion of the Truth?
 Tho you shou'd fail in what you do intend;
 Brave's your Attempt; and does it self commend.

Sil. And what will this Self commendation do,
 'Gainst the ill Usage I may undergo?
 Since those that dare beloved Vice expose,
 Ne're fail to meet with Multitudes of Foes.
 Dull *Phillis* Fop of Miss may make complaint,
 Sigh, whine, and snivele forth his amorous Cant;
 Sharpest, severest Critick oft will pity
 His mispent time in foolish, trifling Ditty.
 But all cry out, they can't the Wretch excuse,
 Who does his Time, and all Mankind abuse.
 You see what 'tis ungrateful Truth to speak;
 He that will do it, with the World must break:
 He that shall ridicule the World as mad,
 Shall so himself be voted by the Bad.
 Had not the great Physician hit the Blot;
 What had *Democritus* his Grinning got?
 Where shall we find a Wife *Hippocrates*,
 To save a Man from *Bedlam*, now-a-days?

Lau. Since false Opinion so much Credit has,
 Amongst the Many doth so Current pass;
 To humour a bad World, the Learn'd and Wise,
 Or out of Interest, or Cowardice,
 Too oft submit, and their own Sense disguise.
 Hence Error doth still more and more prevail,
 And Truth from off the Earth begin to fail;
 Hence those that have of Things right Taste and Sense,
 And will at all appear in Truth's Defence;
 To meet hard Usage must indeed prepare.
 From daring Satyr this doth many scare:

Many

Many of admirable Sense and Parts ;
 That nothing want to make 'em write, but Hearts.
 But you are of a differing Temper quite ;
 Whom from bold Truth no Suffering yet could fright :
 Your Element's unjust and cruel Use ;
 Therefore in you Suff'rance is no Excuse :
 You ne're were wont at the World's Ills to wink ;
 'Tis Pain to you not to speak what you think.
 I know, 'tis what you value, what you prize,
 That Men you for Truth-babbling Fool despise,
 Rather than for bad Silence count you Wise. }
 With me why less of Plainness use you now,
 Than you with all the World are wont to do.
 From base Dependance absolutely free,
 No Pen than yours is more at Liberty.
 You have no Place of Interest to lose,
 Can cause you the Encounter to refuse :
 You happily are plac'd by Low Estate,
 Above Man's ruining Malice, and his Hate.
 Here *Silvius*, at a stand, makes no Reply :
 Is loath to grant ; yet cannot well deny.
 After some Pause, to me he turns and cries,
 What think you of the Thing ? What's your Advice ?
 I told him, 'twas a Truth that all must own,
 That born we are not for ourselves alone :
 But each One's Duty to do what he cou'd
 To mend an Evil World ; and make it good :
 If therefore he cou'd make it clearly seen,
 No Pique, no Grudge, nothing of peevish Spleen,
 Was the vile Prompter unto what he writ ;
 But pure Design of Publick Benefit :
 'Twas my Advice, that he'd in Print appear,
 If this his Purpose was not ; to forbear.

THE Second SATYR.

Address'd to *Vatinus*.

Rules are in *Horace*, and the *Stagirite* ;
 But Genius gives the Wing for steady Flight :
 Whatever don't from Native Vein proceed,
 Is hard to write, but harder far to read.
 This Warning, Sots have had from time to time ;
 That, in despite of Nature, still will rhyme.
 Cobler pretends no further than the Shoe ;
 Tinker with Kettles only has to do :
 These, wisely, meddle not beyond their Trade ;
 Aim not at things for which they were not made :
 Whilst Poetasters, with vain roving Mind,
 Stray from the Station them their Stars design'd ;
 Who'd happy be, cou'd they be brought to know,
 (Holding the Pen so awkly as they do ;)
 Nature design'd their Hands to hold the Plow.

Madness in other Men is want of Sense :

But Rage in Poets is an Excellence.

This Thought, of old, hath made, and maketh still,
 Poetick License reach to writing ill.
 Hence *Bavius* to the Muse himself address'd,
 Fancying his Mind inspir'd, when but possess'd :
 Who, in Heroicks, where true Greatness shines,
 Has turn'd us off with ranting taring Lines :
 Whose rambling Episodes so bulky rose ;
 They look like Wens disfiguring a Nose :
 Whose Images *Chimæra's* all appear,
 So inconsistent with themselves they are :

So

So void of Mark he turn'd 'em on the Common ;
 We look upon 'em to belong to no Man.
 I wou'd advise him, if he writes again,
 Himself, in way of Dawber, to explain ;
 Who, that his meaning may be rightly guest,
 When he together draws Fish, Bird, and Beast,
 By honest Supercription lets us know,
 This is a Robin-red-breast, this a Crow ;
 This is an Elephant , and this a Cat ;
 This the Sea's Sovereign Whale, and this a Sprat.
 Such is my Counsel: Since the noble Piece,
 Set up for rivalling both *Rome* and *Greece*,
 Strait nauseous grew, did scarce a Moment live,
 He vainly Dreamt, a deathless Name might give.
 So have I often heard a blust'ring Fart,
 Come forth, and bounce, and stink, and strait depart.

Mævius bestow'd his Labours on the Stage ;
 In this, his Youth he spent ; in this, his Age :
 Whose Muse the Sock nor Buskin never wears ;
 But Buskin moves our Smiles, and Sock our Tears :
 Whose *Drama's* all so odd, so shapeless are,
 Both as to Time, Place, Plot, and Character ;
 That this of *Mævius* may be truly said,
 Monsters more strange sprung from his Muddy Head,
 Than *Nile's* prolifick Owze hath ever bred. }
 Without the Wit to write, he had the Will ;
 And starv'd for Writing, and for writing Ill.

Says *Lagus*, 'tis resolv'd ; I'll surely do't :
 Therefore let all my Foes, at last, look to't :
 At their Abuses I'll no longer wink,
 But make their Names as black as is my Ink.
 This utter'd, Quill of Goose in hand he took ;
 And ceas'd from Words, speaking the rest in Look.
 A Flatterer of his, that then was by,
 Feigning as much Concern as he, doth cry,

No better Weapon than your painted Pen,
 To do you Right, when disabling'd by Men:
 Nature each Creature gives its proper Arms,
 It self to keep from all approaching Harms:
 Boar has his Tusk; strong Pinion has the Swan;
 The Bull his pushing Horn; and Reason, Man:
 'Mongst Human Kind, Idiot, that wanteth Sense,
 Compassionate Nature fortifies with Pence:
 Poet with Pen is arm'd for his Defence.
 Nay, shou'd you Life for Wit, like Tully pay;
 When you, as he in Prose, in Rhime inveigh;
 Revenge enough you'd have, Revenge most true,
 Upon the Tony that shou'd Murther you:
 He quick, thus easy Death cou'd only give;
 Your Verse are killing him, the time they live.
 Had I been you, I'd not have told him so;
 But, to his greater comfort, let him know,
 That on what're ill Treatment he might hap,
 I dar'd engage, that Death he shou'd escape:
 Though Tully lost his Head for girding Wit,
 None e're thought Rhimer worth the hanging yet.
 But to my Story to return again;
 Fell Thoughts of Vengeance tumble in his Brain
 Uneasy, till he vents his Wrath and Wit,
 As Men are pent in Body till they Sbit.
 On Harpies, Furies, and the Dev'l and all,
 For Venomous Assistance, loud doth call.
 And here we might expect a Bloody Fray,
 Scribbling to Death, at least, some scores a day:
 But that, alas, he never makes attack,
 But Fancy bolts like Arrow from a Sack:
 Trifling is all his fiercest Anger's vent;
 Mere Female Rage, noisy and impotent.
 Surely, some Naiads of the Oister Boar,
 (So like to theirs we find each Strain and Note;)

Were

Were the inspiring Muses of his Pate :
Whence but from thence cou'd come his *Billinggate* ?

Lagus, if to your self you wou'd be true ;
If rightly your own Interest you knew,
You'd deal in Ode, that sure quick-selling Ware,
Set out by Voice at Market, Wake, or Fair.
The Charm of Musick is a pow'ful thing :
And much more that of Tongue, than that of String ;
But if you deem it light, to write for Doxies ;
Compose grave Motto's for Tobacco-Boxes :
Here too with Profit you'd employ your Head ;
Steel much wou'd help the putting off your Lead.
Whate're you do, no more in Metre scold ;
Get not things Printed, and nor get 'em Sold :
It can't be worth your Study, Pains, and Care,
To Anger none, but Losing Stationer.

If Vice to lash, and Virtue to commend,
Be Satyr's true Intent, and proper End ;
What can we, *Varus*, think of your Lampoon,
Here playing Parasite, and there Buffoon ;
Praising in one, as much a Knave, or Fool ;
As, in another Page you Ridicule ?
You make your Reader Mirth, indeed 'tis true ;
You make him Laugh aloud, but 'tis at you.

None e're seem'd more Devout in calling on
The thrice three Goddesses of *Helicon*,
Than did *Philistus*, for their Aid Divine ;
Whilst Human Help was e're his fly Design :
Artist, like those, at Prayer, can show in Sleeve
False Paws, whilst with their real ones they Thieve.
Much flutter made he with gay, borrow'd Plumes ;
Till, on discovering it, each Bird resumes
His proper Feather ; leaving him the poor,
The mean, the mere Jackdaw he was before.

Your Works are nauseous, such a gorging Feast,
Of gross Prophaneness, and foul slimy Jest ;

That those who profit by the reading you,
The thing, by cleansing of the Stomach, do;
Like those, who go to Sea, there to be Sick, and Spew.

Of all the vile Prophaners of the Muse,
You, *Fusus*, are the Man will bear excuse:
You may be reckon'd in no Fault at all,
So oft into the World your Maggots crawl:
Since, when that Skull is crowded with their Stores,
The Stronger thrust the Weaker out-a-Doors.

The various Insects all were hard to count,
Buz in the Vales beneath *Aonian* Mount;
Who lifts his towring Summit to the Skies,
Where ne're their limber Fans were made to rise.
By these Pretenders it is strange to think
What Loads of Paper, and what Tuns of Ink,
There spent have been; what Pains bestow'd, what Time,
Their dull Conceits to torture into Rhime;
The World with fit Material to supply,
For wiping Bottom, and to bottom Pye.

I've said what I can say, but can't engage
'Twill hardned Scribblers frighten from the Page.
What I, *Vatinus*, have but aim'd to do,
Must, if by any, be perform'd by you:
Reading your Lines, where so much Sense is shown,
Can't, sure, but make 'em Blush to read their own;
And learn to write much better than before;
Or, what's still better, learn to write no more.
Thou in each Subject know'st what Stile to use;
What Fancy to take in, and what refuse:
Thou know'st the Marks of things; those Marks dost hit:
So sound thy Judgment, dexterous thy Wit:
In all things, what you ought to be, you are:
Great, without Swelling; without Painting, Fair.
When on great King, or Hero thou dost write;
So lofty, and so noble is thy Flight;

Thy

Thy Verse so sweetly turn'd, so strong thy Sense;
I'd rather be the Poet than the Prince.

Thy Plays are Nature's Copies; all so true,
That Outward Man, Great *Zeuxis* never drew
More Nice than Inward Man is drawn by you:
Each Movement of the Heart is there so fine,
Others I read 'em, but I feel 'em mine.

The Fair One's Charms does in each Scene of Love,
Less than thy Beauteous Strains, my Passion move.
Where Joy, where Grief, where Anger thou dost show;
There glad, there griev'd, there angry strait I grow.

Satyr's rough Dealings thou hast render'd smooth,

In a well-manner'd Way set forth the Truth;

Foully thy Characters on none do fall;

Thy Lines are full of Salt, but void of Gall.

Here all may see their Errors, and repent;

None think themselves particularly meant.

To the Unlearn'd thy Thought's dost clearly show;

And teachest Letter'd Pride it self to know.

The Best, by reading thee, are e're improv'd;

The Worst are to a Sense of Goodness mov'd.

Grave, and yet Charming are thy Lyrick Rhimes;

A Shame to the loose Sonnets of the Times:

To modest Thought hast such peculiar heed,

The Chastest Vestal without Blush may read.

How happily, in each Harmonious Line,

See we the Graces with the Muses joyn!

Whatever Shape thy Wit is pleas'd to wear,

Still thou, *Vatinus*, art without Compare:

Beneath thy awful Sense each Genius bends;

Proud Critick to no Cavil here pretends:

But reverently reads, and upon force commends.

What I have said of thee, doth only show

My Stock exhausted, and the Debt I owe:

He, that in Praise wou'd pay thy Worth its due,

(Which I can ne're pretend) must write like you.

T H E

THE
Third SATYR.

Address'd to *Cratinus*;

Is the History of the *Kikapoux* ; an Odd Sort of
People, found dwelling to the Westward of the
Bay of *Puans* , in the late Discoveries made in
North-America.

WHat, now, *Cratinus*, I design to vent,
Your wiser Self I oft have heard lament.
Let, therefore none me here with that upbraid,
Which else perhaps might be but truly said ;
What makes Men bold in Prate, is want of Wit,
Whilst Knowledge, more reserv'd, doth silent sit :
Since 'tis your spoken Sense will here be shewn ;
No fond Conceit, no Fancy for my own.
'Tis for this cause to you I dedicate ;
Seeking Defence for what I'll now relate :
You have both Skill and Courage to maintain
Your Thoughts, tho' publish'd in my meaner Vein :
If, against yours, I vent one straggling Thought,
The Hand that wrote it, strait shall blot the Fault.
You are a Patron true ; unlike to those
Vile Painted Things for wretched Gain are chose ;
As Sign to Book, no more than Sign-post know,
Whether the Trader vends false Wares or no.

Long time, has run *Basilica's* Complaint
'Gainst sly *Ignatius*, and the snuffling Saint ;
Which to her Doctrines shew as open Hate,
As close they keep their Love for her Estate.

Yet

Yet in her Members so divided She,
 They, whence may come their Ruin, can't agree:
 Some only fear it from the Grasping Pope;
 Think, he alone of the rich Prey hath hope;
 On this Surmise are fond, on this they dore;
 Tho weak his Party here, himself remote,
 Others, more justly, dread the chosen Race,
 That hold Dominion founded upon Grace;
 Who thence, whence'er they seize, infer a Right
 To *Egypt's* Jewels in the *Israelite*.

These from without are Foes; proclaim'd have been;
 More than from these I Mischief dread within.
 With due submission to each wiser Head,
 Shall give me reason not the Thing to dread:
 Since those that surest compass hurtful Ends,
 E're lurk beneath disguise of Faithful Friends.
 Guarded we are against an Open Foe;
 Against a Treacherous Friend we are not so.

Well is it known, how *Sinon* play'd his part,
Trojan in Speech, but *Grecian* in his Heart;
 To bring the *Phrygians* to the taking in
 Their Ruin, lodg'd in Sanctify'd Machine:
 How what the *Grecians* could not do by Force
 They did by Stratagem of Wooden Horse.
 The War thus ended, driven by the Fates,
 Ten Years *Ulysses* rambled with his Mates;
 'Mongst whom his Cousin *Sinon's* making one,
 Is call'd in question, I presume, by none:
 But what the Limits of his Travels were,
 Does not from Story of the Man appear:
 So that fair room is left our Guess to make,
 That on he ventur'd o're the Briny Lake;
 Till that his Fleet upon those Coasts was thrown,
 By Modern Name of *Western India* known:
 Where that he left some Planters, it doth seem,
 And Cousin *Sinon* at the Head of them.

Whence:

Whence those odd People *Kikapoux* we call,
 May well be thought to take Original;
 Prov'd from the grand Respect these People pay
 To the Old *Trojan* Nag, this very day.
 But further to confirm this Truth, there is
 Found in these *Indies* the like Instances.
 When *Cortez* wou'd of *Montezuma* know
 The Origine of those of *Mexico*;
 He said, their Ancestors came Strangers there;
 Landing from World remote, he knew not where.
 So, *Doegs* bred, from Colony are thought,
 By *British* Prince, one *Madoc*, thither brought:
 Nay, this, beyond dispute, a Truth doth seem,
 From Guttural *Lingua* still in use with them;
 Which e're to *Britains* solely did belong;
 Known never other than a Mother-Tongue.
 Men easily are taught to mouth a Note,
 But they must to't be born, pronounce from Throat.
 Thus having shewn the Rise of *Kikapou*,
 Description of his Nature doth ensue.

Mopus safe lodg'd in ample Dignity,
 From watchful Cares of further Rising free;
 Makes Slumber's Leaden God, that went before
 At Ease in humble Cot to nod and snore,
 Climb lofty Roof; of Entertainment count,
 Since he perceives that Heaviness can mount;
 There offer with the new-rai'd Lump to close;
 Found but too too inclinable to doze.
 His Head the God with Wreath of Poppies crown'd;
 In Sleep's soft Bonds his Sense and Reason bound.
 Whilst Fancy's left to rove in frantick Dream;
 Thence draw *Basilica* reform'd in Scheme.
 The Mimick absent Reason tries to ape;
 But heedlessly misjoyning Shape with Shape,
 At all Adventures roll about the Brain;
 Produces Piece as odd, as wild, as vain.

As

As *Horace* his mad *Linner* puts together;
 Fish, Woman, Beast, all cover'd o're with Feather.
 The Whim by name of Comprehension goes;
 That is, *Basilica* conjoyn'd with those,
 Ne're were her Friends, and e're will be her Foes:
 Those blessed Days foretold, to bring to pass,
 When Lamb unhurt the Lion shall embrace.
 He might have better call'd it *Noah's Ark*,
 Where i'th' same Bottom Man and Brute embark:
 Or a Decoy revers'd, (still fitter name;)
 Where the wild Comers are to gull the Tame:
 Or *Smec*:, which well its Notion may imprint,
 By having not one honest Letter in't:
Tu quoque; *Quixot*; *Amadis de Gaul*;
 Or any thing that's more Nonsensical:
 But what best shows it, is no name at all.
 Rouze, rouze, dear Sir; up, up, too long you've lain;
 Throw the gross Fogs of Slumber from your Brain;
 Wake into Sense, and see the Parties grin,
 At your vain Dreamings how to bring 'em in.
 See how you're ridden by insulting Frogs:
 Thus 'tis, when Crofiers they perceive but Logs.
 Had you a mind to wing it in the Air;
 Visit i'th' Moon the Man, they say is there;
Gresham, perhaps, might rigg you out for Flight,
 And make you soar like any Paper Kite:
 Or shou'd you, as did *Xanthus* once, agree,
 For lusty Morning's Draught to drink the Sea;
 An *Æsop* you at hand might chance to have,
 To bring you off, and Reputation save.
 But this Adventure is so odd a thing,
 None here, though ne're so fain, Relief can bring.
 Whate're morose and savage Nature wears;
 Wolves, Lions, Tygers, Lynxes, Leopards, Bears,
 We civiliz'd have seen, and brought to hand;
 Stoop to Subjection, suffer due Command.

But who more Wild Enthusiast ever saw,
 Forsake his Nature, and submit to Law,
 These with *Basilica*, you dream, may close;
 Whose Whole of their Religion's to oppose;
 Who'd Heav'n refuse, unless it's worse Sense,
 They took the blest Abode by Violence:
 Nay, it's calm Realms of Peace themselves would jar;
 Not long, with these, could Heav'n be free from War;
 No more than when it harbours *Lucifer*.
 Such are the gentle Things she is to Court:
 To such for Ease and Settlement resort.
 If Country-man with Labour Plows and Sows,
 A Crop expects, that Crop expected grows;
 Shou'd, when he sees it Flourishing and Green,
 Down with the Fence and let the Cattle in;
 Would ye not think him fit, if this ye saw,
 For *Bedlam*, a dark Room, and Lock of Straw?
 Turn but the Tale, your own sweet Self you shew;
 And there the Fiction find a Story true.
 Besides, if she, like Traveller by Night,
 Shou'd chuse to follow vagrant Meteor's Light;
 When once she leaves her certain, beaten ways,
 Uncertain 'tis, how far at last she strays.
 Janus, who doth with less regard and heed,
 The Gospel, than Dispensatory read;
 No sooner is advanc'd to Palace height,
 But, as on Stage, begins to practise strat;
 On his own Precinct first his Art he tries;
 And e're she's well aware on't, Bleeds her twice.
 What the effect, I pray? So far from good;
 She, to this day, laments her loss of Blood:
 Next, doth *Basilica* her self attack,
 With all the forwardness pertains to Quack;
 Tells her, she's ill, and that she wants a Dose;
 And this as safest Med'cine doth propose:

Two Ounces take of Presbyterian Ham;
 From Sect the same, an Ounce and half of Flegm;
 A Pound of the Versatile Trimmer's Sigh;
 A Scruple and a half of Quaker's Light;
 Three Drams of Independent Zeal and Heat;
 These in brass Mortar: up together beat;
 The Compound rare, swallow with Resolution;
 'Twill give you wondrous strength of Constitution;
 Dispelling all your sickly Quaims, will bring
 Your Stomach to digesting any thing.
 Soft, Doctor, soft! see you your Patient frown?
 Presume not, that with ~~her~~ your Drugs will down:
 She owns indeed, that she is Sick, 'tis true;
 Sick at the Heart; but 'tis of such as you.
 Dregs so averse to Life, till purg'd away;
 She nothing feels but Weakness and Decay.
 If to her Health you'd therefore contribute,
 This is the surest way for you to do't:
 To Physick since your Genius doth incline,
 Within its proper Sphere your Art confine;
 No more with Mountebank prophane the Gown,
 But in plush Jacket stroll from Town to Town:
 Rais'd upon Tressel there, expose your Bill,
 Promising all that lies beyond your Skill:
 The Crowd at gape Jack-Pudding keep with trick,
 Whilst you in solemn manner Pocket pick:
 Your Faults in Practice may be better born,
 On rotten Tooth, kib'd Heel, and aking Corn;
 On any sort of bodily Disease,
 Than your Ecclesiastick Recipe's:
 Though Crime enough, yet Crime it is less foul,
 To Poyson Body, than to Poyson Soul.
 Who here wou'd deal with you, is worse than mad,
 Whilst Baxter's Salve for Souls is to be had.
 This upon you's unfair, perhaps you'll say;
 'Cause you have since been for Basilica;

'Tis true, you have; and on the very score
 Of your Return, I had the thing forbore;
 But that I hear *Basilica* Complain,
 You're fac'd about to Sectary again:
 And this the Reason; You it seems have lost,
 The hopes of rising to more lofty Post:
 Since you can play the Weather-Cock so well,
 High Post for you most fit were Pinnacle:
 And therefore, by consent, all honest People,
 Are now for raising you from Church to Steeple:
Here, here, all hands! ho-a-up, old boy, ho-a-up!
So, so, we've got you to the tittling Top;
Keep where we well have plac'd you, God be thanked;
'Twill save the pains of tossing you in Blanker.

As grave and ancient saying lets us know,
 To making up a Man, nine Taylors go:
 So for the making Character, you'll see,
Molo and *Dromo* taken here by me;
 Two Haberdashers in Divinity;
 Who Shop of various Wares their Temples made,
 And had those taking ways which gain a Trade:
 Service from 'em was had at length, or short;
 Still ever as there was occasion for't:
 At times in Black they pray'd, at times in White;
 As Comers took in either a delight:
 Christian they made, with, or without the Cross;
 E're as inclin'd they found the Parent was.
 And whether Gossips, or no Gossips stood
 To make their Answers for the Babe, 'twas good:
 Had always Fee, when they Baptiz'd at home,
 Not for the Sacrament, but Pains to come:
 None unreceiving, from the Eucharist,
 They, on account of Posture, e're dismiss'd.
 Wamble in Conscience none did ever feel;
 Did the Receiver sit, or loll, or kneel.

No wonder 'tis of Dignities possess'd,
 That such shou'd prove Opposers of a Test :
 A Wonder it wou'd be indeed, shou'd they
 Well Rule by Laws, they ne're cou'd well Obey.

Clitarchus thinks, since Miracles are ceas'd,
 Way to convert the surest and the best,
 That he in Prudence nothing ought to try
 Of Human Pow'r upon the Sectary;
 Nay, if that won't with him, with Faction to comply.
 So when to come to him it was not bent,
Mecca's False Prophet to the Mountain went.

For Sect of every Kind to be in Place,
Tinca so zealous is; he has the Face
 To sell the Holy Ghost himself, to plague us
 With the vile Followers of *Simon Magus*.

Thus *Brulla's* Kindness to his Mother's shown;
 Her Quiet prizes as he does his own :
 He slacken doth of Discipline the Reins,
 Of strictly holding 'em to shun the Pains ;
 Dissenting Precinct hoping thence to make,
 Clear from his Hands Fatigue of Rule to take.
 For, what occasion for the Law's restraint,
 Where's nothing to be govern'd but the Saint ?
 How I adore thy Cunning, *Brulla* ! here,
 A more-than *Machiavel* thou dost appear :
 Man I defy to find a Way more sure,
 How Province to convert to *Sine-Cure*.

With wondrous Caution, all has *Mummius* read,
 For and against his Order has been said :
 And well observing, that in Plund'ring Times,
Flamen's Revenues were their greatest Crimes ;
 Concludes, that to engage in the Debate,
 Were but the hazarding a fair Estate.
 If all the Business of a *Flamen* be
 To live in Pomp on wealthy Dignity ;

'Tis Wisdom not to strive the Tide to stem;
 Since Sects appear for you, now you appear for them.

Ask *Timans* what his weighty Reasons are,
 For Sectaries in Government to share;
 He shakes his Head, and very gravely cries,
I wish with all my Heart 'twere otherwise:
None than my self more forward shou'd appear
In putting stop unto our Foes Career;
As not behind in my dislike of it,
But that the Times won't bear the Thing as yet;
They're strong, alas they're strong! If Truth may speak,
Timans, they are not strong; but you are weak.

From end to end the Line of *Sinon* trace,
 As *Cento* none you'll find, of all the Race,
 Figure so handsom make, in being base:
 Vices, by him manag'd with Art and Care,
 For Virtues but too oft mistaken are.
 If from his height to pull the Man he tries,
 By whom 'tis known himself at first did rise;
 The *Stygian* Monster, foul Ingratitude,
 Assumes the lovely Shape of Publick Good.
 If he occasion takes to Libel King,
 For not preferring him, or some such thing;
 Be he or Living Prince or Monarch Dead,
 With such regard 'tis done to Crowned Head,
 That black Revenge presents her self to Sight,
 Fair as dark Cloud gilt o're with Morning Light.
 In Rule when with *Erastus* he would joyn us,
 And in Belief with *Crellius* and *Socinus*;
 Like others bluntly don't his Mind relate;
 But with nice Strokes of Art insinuate;
 Thus Reader conquers, or makes fair Retreat.
 Accomplish'd *Cento*, from no common Reach
 In Politicks, doth his main Reason fetch,

For keeping still the Sectary in play;
 Thinks he, our selves we foolishly betray;
 If Tool so good, in haste we cast away:
 For should we have occasion to denrone,
 In such a case the Sectary's our own,
 Such his dire Meaning, such his black Intent;
 This the fair Colour for't in Argument;
*With Christian Charity it does not suit,
 And is no better than to persecute.*

'Tis true, to persecute's Unchristian Deed,
 Christian by Christian ma'n't for Conscience bleed;
 But sure it can't be thought this heinous Sin,
 To turn those out a-doors; are Plagues within.
 Here tender ye your selves pretend to show,
 In other Cases 'tis not with ye so:
 Of Twelve Apostles, one fell dipt in Blood;
 Had they been Some, not one in Twelve had stood.

Others there are, of whom I here shou'd treat,
 But that forbidding Sound mine Ear doth bear:
Hold! not one Syllable concerning us!
We own, our half-fac'd ways were scandalous:
We have (and of the thing may fairly creak) been
stanch Basilicans, at least this Week.
 Well, since all Satyr on ye ye debar,
 By such a nicking Turn of Character;
 Your Praise by me in Lyrick shall be sung,
 Set to the charming Tune of Whittington.

I've read what Lucius calls True History,
 Where he designs all Morrels to out-lye:
 Where he pretends he saw such Things as these;
 Men mounted upon Grasshoppers and Fleas;
 And Corken Men, tripping it o're the Seas:
 Some which did on the Wings of Vultures ride;
 Some Lobster-fac'd, and all o're Eel beside;
 And some were Man above; beneath, a Cap.
 Monstrous Reports, and to be wonder'd at!

But

But amongst these nothing so strange I see,
 As are the Headless Men, here shown by me.
Lucian, cou'dst thou the Privilege attain,
 To wear a Case of Flesh and Blood again;
 With what Amazement wou'd it strike thy Mind,
 On thy Re-entrance on the Earth, to find
 All thou in mock true History cou'dst do,
 Yield in Extravagance to one that's true?

T H E
 Fourth S A T Y R.

In Way of Epistle; from *Regulus* in Town, to
Fundanus in the Country.

EXpect not that I here have wrote thee down
 The Publick News, *Fundanus*, of the Town;
 Since this to you by those is duly sent,
 Who gather News by Trade, and News invent.
 My Business only is to let you know
 What happen'd has 'twixt *Marcus* and a Beau.

To dine on *Tuesday* last it was our Chance,
 Where much is paid for little Sustenance;
 Where worth their Thousands Men had need to be,
 For Purfes oft to reach the Sin of Gluttony.
 Here met we those who as much think their own
 The only Wit, as others think they've none;
 Who in vain Ways of Spending still increase,
 As their Revenues and Estates grow less.
 O're whom no Dread of Fiend or Hell prevails,
 But that of Brawny Catchpoles, and of Gaols:
 Who have no Notion of Account but here,
 Account of Tradesman's Book; and that indeed they fear.
 Who

Who think there is no Bliss like Beauty's Charms ;
 No Heaven like being lodg'd in *Chloe's* Arms :
 Look on Religion as a Cheat ; no more ;
 Despise their God, and Idolize their Whore.

I shall not blot my Paper with a Line
 Of their light Chat before, and as we Dine ;
 Their nice and quaint Descants on Dress and Cloaths ;
 Slight Repartees, and fashionable Oaths ;
 Tales of this curious Toy, and t'other bought ;
 Of *Billet Doux*, to them were never brought ;
 And Challenges they ne're receiv'd, nor fought ;
 Their boasts of Vices to that vain degree,
 They ne're cou'd act through Disability.

The Dinner o're, in haste, I call to Pay ;
 And quite Fatigu'd, am for no longer stay.
 As yet, they cry, they must not part with me,
 Nor my small Body of Divinity.

I'm eager to be gone. They urge the more
 My stay. At last, I promise, on the score
 They will not press my sober Friend to Drink.
 One promis'd this, giving the rest a Wink ;
 Then turns to *Marcus* with a fleering Look,
 And cries, There's nothing, Doctor, like a Book :
 As to the Glass, I'm for't no more than you :
 Let us discuss a knotty Point or two.

E're read you the great Man of *Malmsbury*,
 Who did the depth of things so clearly see ?
 By force of Reason he hath put to flight,
 Your unseen Pow'rs with which ye Mortals fright :
 And all your rigid Preachments plainly show'd,
 But Tales and Fables by the Law allow'd ;
 That Nature nought of Ethicks understood ;
 But Men were forc'd to bargain to be Good ;
 That the vain Thing, which Honesty we name,
 Is but a Bondage unto common Fame ;

A being to th' dull censuring World a Slave;
 Becoming Fool, to scape the stile of Knave.
 'Tis he hath prov'd, that we may safely tread
 Those pleasant Paths, where Appetite doth lead:
 Hence Men of Wit defy Religion's Yoak,
 The Rabble's Poker, and the Statesman's Cloak.
 What think you, Doctor; argue I amiss?
 Discussing of a Point, Sir, call you this,
 Says *Marcus*: This is but mere rambling Prace:
 Propound your Question, then let us Debate.
 My Noble Spark here something at a stand,
 Found he had no light Task upon his hand:
 However, soon resolves that Impudence,
 Which never fail'd him in his want of Sense,
 Shall do his business here: then strait doth cry,
 Dull, plodding *Hocus* in Divinity,
 Course, home-spun Wretch, is this Proposal proper?
 Look I like Pedant, think st, or Logick-chopper?
 Know, this as much beneath me, Country Ruff,
 As Challenge to accept at Fifty-cuff:
 To make the Business short, and to be gone;
 I here will hold you, Parson, Ten to One,
 That all the mighty *Hobbs* has said, is true:
 And your whole Tribe's a dull, unthinking Crew.
 Yours is, says *Marcus*, Sir, I plainly see,
 A mere implicit Infidelity.
 You take it upon Trust, as much like Wigeon,
 As *Turk*, or *Romanist* does his Religion:
 You've heard of *Hobbs*, and at his meaning roam;
 But ne're have heard one bit of honest *Tom*:
Hobbs thinks, that there's no God, he plain has shown:
 But trusty *Tom*'s i th' Mind there may be one:
Hobbs holds, in state of Nature, mutual Fear
 Puts Man with Man under continual Jarr:
 But wiser *Tom* it doth far better please,
 To make 'em thence seek a perpetual Peace:

Hobbs

Hobbs says, Man cannot sin in Nature's State,
 Having no Law his Ways to regulate:
 But worthy *Thomas* holds, he may; because
 A God there is, ruling by Nature's Laws:
Hobbs doth aver, after his haughtry way:
 Ay, says my Beau, vain Babbler, so he may;
 You make him hold and speak just what you please:
 Brawling Dispute was e're your Coat's disease:
 Vent your vile Cant to those will hear you out;
 Fit for the Audience of the sordid Rout:
 I'll hear no more. Then turning to his Mates,
 Cries, I well know, there's none of you but hates
 Such rough, unpolish'd Stuff, as well as I;
 Prate far from Breeding and Gentility;
 So Gross, so Spiritless, that longer stay,
 Wou'd pall, my Friends, the Pleasure of the Day.
 And the Companions Boon and Gay, you know
 We are to meet withal when hence we go:
 The time of that Appointment doth approach;
 Therefore let's clear the House, and call a Coach.
 All rise and march, that to my Spark belong:
 Himself struts off, humming a Bawdy Song.
 Thus left, we strait home to my Lodgings haste;
 Where this Discourse we have from what had past.
 Says *Marcus*, Sir, I can't but thankful be,
 For all your Kindness and Civility:
 But as for what, to day, with you I've seen,
 A sight of *Bedlam* had more grateful been.
 Pray, tell me plain, your Sense and Character,
 Of these strange Animals, with whom we were?
 These are, said I, the Hawkers of the Town,
 That Atheistick Wares cry up and down.
 Liv'd Monsieur *Cartes* now, he'd find it far
 A harder Task, to prove these Mortals are,
 By Cogitation of the Mind, than we
 Find in the proving of a Deity.

The wondrous store of all whose Sense is seen,
 In the lewd Sayings from lewd Plays they glean;
 Which prattled off by rote, their Wit is done;
 They're down as Clock, when its full Line is run:
 Spruce charming Curl into disorder blown,
 Shall make 'em God and Providence difown;
 Swearing Chance hurry'd all things up and down.
 However, to allow their Cause its due,
 I must impartially confess, 'tis true,
 That Lives they have as strong, as weak's their Sense,
 For the disproving God and Providence:
 So much without all regular Design,
 Is all they think, speak, act, tho fancy'd Fine:
 Product they seem of blind and careless Chance,
 Loose Composition of wild Atom Dance.
 If fore the Sun has mounted half the Sky,
 From Bed they get, where plung'd in Sloth they lye;
 A Chance it is, whether abroad they roam,
 To Friend, or Ord'nary, or Meal at home:
 When this is done, again a Chance it is,
 Whether they visit Tavern, Stage, or Mifs:
 Then what's their Modish Talk, they Banter call,
 Which of their nown dear Wit's the all in all;
 But fardel of vain Incoherent Prate;
 Rude work of Chance, within an addle Pate?
 When Duns are knocking at their doors unseen,
 It is by Chance, not Choice, they let 'em in:
 In their wild Midnight Scowrings through the Street,
 Perhaps are beaten, or perhaps they beat:
 Perhaps they pay, when that a Hack is ta'ne:
 Perhaps they bilk the Driver of his Gain:
 In the two different Parties of the State,
 That they for one, rather than t'other Prate,
 Is not that Merits of the Cause they've try'd,
 By Reason's Rules; on them they ne're rely'd:
 No, 'tis by Chance they jobb'd upon their side.

Not

Not knowing else what with themselves to do,
 To Church on Sunday they may chance to go ;
 Perhaps to rest upon the Sabbath Day,
 Or ogle Minks looks Amorous and Gay :
 But 'tis a mighty Chance if e're to Pray.
 Their Haps and Chances all too tedious were
 For me to reckon up, or you to hear.

Marcus here interposing, says, I see,
 Casting a Look severe and grave on me,
 These but the Object of your Laughter prove,
 But they my justest Indignation move :
 My Choler rises at the bold Pretence
 Of these mean Grovelers in the Sphere of Sense ;
 To Genius more Exalted, more Refin'd
 Than theirs ; whom a Religious Awe doth bind,
 When they are plainly sunk beneath their Kind.
 For they no better are, think what they please,
 Than *Centaurs* in reverse ; Strange Monsters these,
 Out-do even Fancy's Ancient Prodigies :
 Where Beast's got uppermost, and rides the Man ;
 Hence, hence it is their Atheism began :
 God's Nature contradict their own they find ;
 So sits he but uneasy on the Mind :
 And Vice's Habit still so on them wins,
 They rather God disown, than own their Sins.
 Had these been thrown upon those Blessed Days,
 Where Gods they'd found lewd Fancy first did raise ;
 Gods, Patterns and Approvers of their Ways ;
 None had been more for owning Deities ;
 None had been less Ath'istical than these.
 A Tippling *Bacchus*, or a Whoring *Jove*,
 They cou'd with all their Hearts Adore and Love :
 Nay, God for's Being with them might compound,
 Did not his Threatnings gall 'em with their Sound.
 We find that all those Philosophick Men,
 Have dar'd against their God to draw their Pen ;

Have

Have had to Learning something of Pretence,
 To make false Notions pass for Truth and Sense :
 And to the Combat ever with 'em brought
 Aspect austere and grave, as Sign of Thought;
 And chose in Garb of Virtue to appear,
 Ev'n for the gaining Happinesses here:
 But for these Toys, these Trifles to presume,
 Compounds of Ribaldry, and gaudy Plume;
 For these to offer Atheism to press,
 For these to be Prophane, is Sawciness.
 For whatsoever Pleas it will admit,
 Whatever has or can be said for It;
 These to decide the Case are no ways fit :
 By whom so very little's understood,
 They know not what for present Life is good;
 Abuse their Natures by Debauchery,
 Then for Defence to Atheous Systems fly;
 As if their giddy Ways were there maintain'd :
 Thus *Hobbs* and *Epicurus* are prophan'd.
 Who, howe're ill they treat the Deity,
 Whatfoe're Defects may in their Morals be;
 Yet are against all Riot and Excess,
 As Foes to Mens beloved Carcases :
 And wou'd detest such Prodigals of Breath,
 That heedless gallop on so fast to Death;
 Disowning any such destructive Thing,
 As Pox, or Gout cou'd from their Tenets spring.
 Such the Resentment our Good Friend did show
 At the Behaviour of Lewd Atheous Beau.

My Dear *Fundanus*, here my Leave I take,
 With this kind Wish I for thy Welfare make;
 All Sorts of Vermin ever may'st thou 'scape,
 But those especially in Human Shape.

THE
Fifth SATYR.

Address'd to *Cæcilius*.

HOW heedless oft, and false our Judgments are,
When Man with Man, *Cæcilius*, we compare!
Him that by Birth is Weak, a Natural,
We, as by Proper Name, a Fool do call;
Whilst Height and Top of Folly Men attain,
By Studious Search and Labour of the Brain:
Yet whilst the other always we despise,
These have the Fortune to be counted Wise.

*How now! says One, what wou'd the Madman do?
His Rage and Fury against Learning shew?
By Reason 'tis that Beasts we do excell;
By Learning we are taught to reason well:
Which Men above the Rout as much doth place,
As they the very Brutes themselves surpass:
'Tis Learning does recover what she can,
That Knowledge by the Fall was lost to Man.*

The Truths you speak for Truths, have ever past,
And will do so: but why such mighty haste,
My honest Meaning here to call in doubt?
Condemn me not before you hear me out.

Priscus tho deeply read, yet Nothing writes;
But in Discourse, on all Occasions, cites:
This Way as safest wisely doth pursue,
His wondrous Learning to the World to shew:
For when our Words from Pen to Paper pass,
There's the Concern of Spelling in the Case.

In Talk with him whate'r you please propound ;
 You're Choice of Cheese, the Mouldy or the Sound :
 Whether the Green or Stubble Goose is best ;
 Or how you like that either should be dress'd.
 What's the most curious Way of Dishing Tripe ;
 Which sweetest, Coal or Candle, lights a Pipe :
 He chaws upon 't, not hasty to reply,
 Before well back'd with stanch Authority :
 So *Pliny*, *Seneca*, *St. Hierom*, *Cato*,
Sr. Austin, *Tully*, *Stagirite*, or *Plato* ;
 By Head and Shoulders, right or wrong, are brought,
 With some grave Saying to avouch his Thought.

Of Mortals all 'twixt *London* and *Japan*,
 In my Opinion, *Labeo* is the Man ;
 Husbands the best a slender Stock of Sense ;
 To most Advantage manages Pretence.
 He smoaks his Men : in what they thoroughly know,
 He by deep Silence does his Wisdom show :
 And in whate'r he finds 'em ignorant,
 There freely opens, there no Tongue doth want.
 Talks *Willis* to the Lawyer ; sets upon
 The Doctor, out of *Coke* on *Littleton* :
 Poet with *Algebra* doth entertain ;
 And the dry Soph with *Heliconian* Strain :
 Speaks (to be sure not to be trapp'd in Failure)
 To Fidler Logick, History to Taylor.

Pedius, to make it plain his Parts employs,
 That *Adam* spoke *High-Dutch* in Paradise.
 'Tis he has fought it out that best can tell,
 Whether by Fist or Cudgel *Abel* fell :
 And able is truly the Tree to name,
 Whence Wonder-working Rod of *Moses* came.
 Such in Divinity his Depth is found ;
 For *Gentile* Knowledge is no less renown'd.
 To him it is we are oblig'd, we know
 Whether *Ancus Martius* had a Sire or no.

'Tis

'Tis he the mighty Secret doth unlock,
 If most he lov'd the Bottle or the Smock ;
 And whether it were Grape, or Cherry-Stone,
 That choak'd the merry Greek, *Anacreon*.
 'Tis he has found, that those are much to blame,
 An *Ataxerxes Longimanus* name,
 Because his Arms hung down below his Knees :
 He lets you know, from good Authorities,
 This of the Thing to be the real Cause,
 That one Hand longer than the other was :
 He further proves those Authors in the wrong,
 Wou'd have his Left-Hand Short, his Right One Long.
 Sifts all the Rubbish of Antiquity,
 Leaves nothing on the Point unread, to see,
 Potter, or Turner, if *Thericles* were ;
 The weighty Business to the World to clear,
 Whether those Cups, we *Thericlean* call,
 Had Wooden, or Terrene Original.

Megellus, choice *Megellus* spends his days,
 In nicest view of Nature's secret Ways :
 Knowledge for Knowledge's sake is his Design ;
 His generous Aim doth all By-ends decline :
 He ransacks Dunghil, Pit, Ditch, Crevice, Nook ;
 Does into rotten Posts, and Carrion look,
 What living Creatures there are bred, to find ;
 And dive into their Properties and Kind :
 Insect there's none, (such, such his Diligence,)
 In any place escapes his prying Sense :
 All Nature's Minims are well known to him,
 Whether they Crawl, or Hop, or Fly, or Swim.
 No Fleet of War, suspecting Foe too nigh,
 Uses Perspective with more heedful Eye,
 Than doth *Megellus* Magnifying Glass,
 His solid and unerring Sense to pass,
 Whether Land-Animal, we call a Flea,
 Be shap'd like Lobster, Animal o'th' Sea :

By this he doth discover, *Mites in Cheese*;
 Are Bodies-Politick, like *Ants and Bees*;
 By this he doth most certainly Divine,
 Or Cow, or Horse-T— breeds the Fly more fine:
 By this it is, he plainly doth descry,
 Hornet and Wasp o'th' self-same Family;
 Hornet o'th' elder, Wasp o'th' younger House:
 The same he finds of Head and Body-Louse.
 On such Discoveries to his Mind he sets,
 All Business he, nay, almost Food forgets;
 Whilst Months together, he observing lies,
 How Caterpillars turn to Butterflies.

So very great's *Perpenna's* Thirst to know
 More than he thinks his native Soil can shew;
 It causes him to visit Foreign Land;
 Not there the Men and State to understand:
 Such Knowledge is too gross, too mean, too plain,
 For his refin'd, his *Virtuoso* Brain:
 But to discover, and grow wondrous Wise,
 In Art's and Nature's choicest Rarities:
 There to procure some new-invented Glass,
 I'th' kind doth all before it much surpass:
 Where Mouldiness is seen, wheres'e're 'tis spread,
 Not to be that, by us to be, 'tis said;
 But Grove of pleasant Trees; a noble Draught
 In Miniature, by Nature's Pencil wrought:
 Or to survey some Petrifying Spring:
 Or else some rusty Medal home to bring;
 Relick of ancient Time, he values more
 Than all the Story of its Emperor:
 Or some rare Crystal, wherein Moss doth lye;
 Or piece of Amber, that contains a Fly:
 A *Homer*, which in Nut-shell skulking lies:
 Or choice collected set of Traps for Mice.

Gabinus, as his own, doth read and speak
 The Learned Tongues, the *Latin*, and the *Greek*.

You'll

You'll say, so much a Master of the Keys,
 Must Gates of Knowledge ope with greatest ease:
 Is he Divine, Historian, Orator,
 Poet, Physician, or Philosopher?
 None of all these: Yet thinks himself by far,
 More Learn'd than these all put together are:
 Unknown the Volumes are he turns, to reach
 At Skill exact in the Eight Parts of Speech;
 Cries all the World as poor Pretenders down,
 That manage not, like him, the Verb and Noun:
 In tracing crabbed Compound to its Spring,
 Is in his own Conceit at least a King:
 With him, a slip in Accent, Crime shall be
 More heinous thought, than broaching Heresie:
 In short, before him, you with lesser dread
 May break God's Ten Commands, than *Priscian's* Head.
 To mention all, might added be to these,
 Wou'd be a Thirteenth Task for *Hercules*.

T H E
 Sixth S A T Y R.

HIS aged Sire when *Gellius* Earth'd had seen,
 After his long, long Wishes for the Thing;
 Left rich in Lands and Moneys, poor in Brains,
 Strait each expensive Vice he entertains:
 So by Debauch ebb'd out the Hoarded Store,
 As 'it by Avarice flow'd in before.
 This *Scaurus* saw; thence press'd to be his Friend,
 And as he Wanted, proffer'd still to Lend:

And in returns of Treatment, such was he,
 To gorge his Guest wou'd Starve his Family:
 What cou'd he more? How better cou'd he prove,
 How great for his dear *Gellius* was his Love;
 These sweet Endearments lasted firm and strong,
 Till Use on Use had run, and run so long,
 That forc'd is *Scaurus* to begin the Few,
 Seizing the Prey he had so well pursu'd;
 Leaving his *Gellius*, when, alas! too late,
 His Folly to repent, and curse his Intimate.

Bellona, for thou know'st; *Bellona* speak,
 What made our next dear Pair of Dearests break?
Mænius and *Pætus*, who agreed so well,
 Whom Story I defy to Parallel.
 Had *Mænius* Buttons of the Turnep size;
 None but that very Make cou'd *Pætus* prize:
 Was *Mænius* powder'd Wigg and Shoulders too;
 If *Pætus* wa'n't, woe to thee, Barber, woe!

Mænius exact like *Pætus* set his Face,
 Some forty times a day by Pocket-Glass:
 Had *Pætus* first pickt up some Modish Oath,
 Strait *Mænius* had no other in his Mouth:
 Had Drank, Gam'd, Whor'd together all their days,
 In peaceable, and amicable Ways:
 (Be it here spoke to their Immortal Praise!)
 What Accident cou'd such as these dispose,
 E're to admit the hateful name of Foes?
 But let us drop the Question, since we know
 There's nothing here found permanent below:
 It was one sad and inauspicious Night,
 When Mortals were depriv'd of *Cynthia's* Light;
 Who veil'd, with sable Cloud, her Silver Face,
 As fearing to behold what then shou'd pass;
 To visit *Celia* went the loving Pair;
Celia the Soft, the Easy, and the Fair,
 That ne're made Lover dye of deep Despair:

In whose Apartment long they did not sit,
 But one admiring her Dear Pretty Jeat,
 Began to praise him as the finest hung
 Of any Curr to Lady did belong.
 The other not behind in Complaisance,
 His Nose before his Ears did much advance.
 Hence sprung a smart Debate ; the one was stout
 For Dangers near ; t'other for neater Snout :
 At last, like most Disputers now in Vogue,
 Leaving the Point in Hand, each other Rogue :
 At this Alarm in haste Kind *Celia* rose,
 To try their stubborn Quarrel to compose :
 This towards her she languishing doth pluck ;
 To t'other's Chin gives an endearing Chuck ;
 And wish'd that both, rather than disagree,
 If possible it were, might Victors be.
 But she so oft had laid their hottest Love,
 Their Anger's Heat to lay, in vain doth move ;
 And had not Reason, to themselves best known,
 Stopt their Career, to Sharps they sure had gone.
 In short, they parted in a Fury great,
 Vowing each other an Eternal Hate.

'Twas in the Month *Astræa* in Disgust,
 Fled to her Native Skies, from World unjust ;
 Whose Absence does of Ills increase its Store,
 Unjuster making it than 'twas before :
 I th' self-same Month that Lawyers leave the Town,
 Making that honest by being gone :
 I met by chance *Gleanthes* in the Strand,
 Who, glad to see me, clasp'd me by the hand,
 And told me, if that then my Time were mine,
 He at his Lodgings needs wou'd have me dine ;
 Where in Discourse, I askt if he had seen
Balbus his Friend since he in Town had been ;
 His mighty Rise in Title, Wealth and State,
 His wondrous Fortunes to congratulate :

One Day, says he, I did at Court appear,
 And was but rightly serv'd for coming there;
 Having no Place to Beg, nor Train to Show;
 The proper Things for which Men thither go :
 But only, as I thought, a Friend to see,
 And thence renew our former Amity.
 But how shou'd such as I expect to find
 In Courts of Kings Friend of the real Kind;
 When Kings themselves, 'tis but too truly known,
 Give Courts their very Beings, there have none?
 But not to baulk the Story I'd relate,
 I knock'd and knock'd at my Lord *Bolbus's* Gate;
 At length a Fellow fac'd like Lion grim,
 That had the Shape and Size of *Anakim*,
 Opens, and gruffly asks me what I'd have?
 I dropt a Piece; thence further Answer gave:
 The *Caducean* Pow'r he strait doth own,
 Thence to the Spacious Hall by him am shown;
 Where long I faunter'd, much upon the Frer,
 That all shou'd tell me hitherto I met,
 His Lordship was not to be spoke with yet.
 Yet still I stay, unwilling am to go;
 My Entrance paid, I'm loth to lose my Show.
 Still, still upon 'em as again I fall,
 Some give cross Answers; some give none at all:
 And now, as all my Hopes expiring were,
 Servant of ancient Standing doth appear;
 Who knowing me, did kind Relief afford,
 By proff'ring to conduct me to his Lord:
 So to a Lobby trips with me away;
 Here makes a stop; here tells me I must stay,
 Whilst he to th' next in Office doth repair,
 To ask him, to ask his next Officer,
 To ask his Lordship's Gentleman, that he
 To make 't his Business would so Gracious be,

As

As to beseech his Honour then to know,
 If he'd admit of Visitant or no?
 Here am I left once more to suck my Thumbs,
 Till my Release with my Conductor comes;
 Who finds to me his way at last again,
 And says, that my Request I now obtain.
 Then strait directs me where his Honour sat
 In Elbow'd Chair, lolling in lazy State:
 In lowly manner I Obedience do;
 He leans a little something like a Bow;
 All that Exalted Grandeur cou'd allow.
 Then asks with Mien Majestick, what Affair,
 Business of what Importance brought me there?
 No Business, no Affair, my Lord, said I,
 But the Grand Business of Fidelity;
 Friendly to shew the Transports of my Mind,
 At the Successes in the World you find.
 This struck so home, so deep upon his Ear,
 He bids me sit, and be no longer Bare.
 Which made me willing to embrace the Thought,
 That he himself, nor me had quite forgot.
 But vain, and too too forward the Surmise;
 Weak Glean of Kindness I too highly prize.
 For, offering Freedom of Discourse to show,
 As formerly with him I wont to do;
 He answers little, besides yes or no:
 So far from minding ought I cou'd propose;
 As much fatigu'd, doth nought but gape and doze.
 At length, as new awake, does slowly rise,
 Stretching his Limbs, and rubbing of his Eyes;
 Steps to the Window, says, the Weather's Fine,
 And that with my Lord Cossus he's to dine.
 The Hint I but too plainly do perceive;
 So, for Relief to both I take my Leave:
 Thence Passage find as easy, smooth, and plain,
 As Entrance rough I had, and hard to gain.

Sestius was come to his Declining Years,
 A Single Man, and thence at want of Heirs ;
 Uncertain 'tis whether reflecting Sense
 Had made him wise at other Mens Expence ;
 Or whether him loose ranging Fancy led
 To live at large, thence shun'd the Nuptial Bed :
 His Wealth was great, his Bounty was no less ;
 Hence 'tis presum'd he swarm'd with Friends and Guests.
 Rich, Old, a Bachelor, and Liberal too,
 Are Charms wou'd make stiff *Cynick* cringe and bow,
 His rugged Mien and surly Maxims slight,
 And fawn like Spaniel, soothe like Parasite.
Sestius his Ways did undisturb'd pursue,
 His smiling Minutes wing'd with Pleasure flew,
 No adverse Chance, no Rub in Life he knew.
 Till by long Course of Luxury and Ease,
 Sicknesh contracted dorth his Body seize ;
 Beneath the grieving Malady he pines,
 Which Health and Strength by Inches undermines.
Aelius and *Quintus* his Physicians were ;
 Suckers as bloody as their Leeches are :
 Such they as on the Poor for Slaughter pitch,
 To gain their wicked Skill to cheat the Rich ;
 To such in Law or Physick, larger Fees
 Do but prolong your Suit, or your Disease.
 This *Sestius* feels ; whose Guineas purchase more
 And far worse Illness than he had before.
 And still to further add to his Distress,
 His Friends in fulsom Visits crowd and press ;
 As Vermin flock at Smell of Carcases :
 Their Numbers such, such their Officious Tongues,
 He's almost stunn'd with Noise, and choak'd with Throngs.
 About his Cure far different is their Chat,
 Some for this Method are, and some for that ;
 Some like of what the Doctors do prepare,
 Some talk o'th' Waters, some of Change of Air :

But

But all agree, before it be too late,
 'Tis Wisdom to dispose of his Estate.
 Here sick to Death of Doctor, and of Friend,
 Discards 'em all, and tries himself to mend:
 So, Stirring only more, and Feasting less,
 He cuts off Surfeit, with its Cause, Excess:
 Thus, thinking him as good as dead and gone,
 He left his gaping Heirs his Living to bemoan.

Here you perhaps may say, *Or True, or Made,*
Why all these Stories thus together laid?
 'Tis *Raree-Show*, Friendship in *Masquerade*.
 Tho' in submissive sort, I needs must own,
 'Tis Sight Inferior to most Sights are shown;
 That I despair of half the Company,
 Throng *Punchenello* and the Butterfly.

THE SEVENTH SATYR.

I, For no Conjuror have always pass'd;
 Discover'd have those Magick Terms at last,
 Contain more Force and Power in their Sound,
 Than e're in *Hocus-Pocus* cou'd be found.
Sham, Manage, Banter, are the words: By these,
 The Devil Vice Men bind with greatest ease;
 Wheres'ever these are us'd, without delay,
 The ghastly Terror vanishes away.

For Twenty thousand Pounds *Opimius* breaks:
 For petty Sum, his Composition makes;
 And Trades afresh. Five thousand Pounds, soon after,
 He frankly gives in Portion with a Daughter.

In the plain Days of Rustic Honesty,
Such Dealing, Chear was lookt upon to be :
But since by Policies refin'd we are,
Is thought but handsome Sham on Creditor.

Thermus and *Lesbia*, both in Years, and Poor ;
Brace, had been Hamper'd in the Noose before ;
Do in each other Fortune think to catch :
Are Ty'd ; and Sham each other in the Match.

Servilius has no Visible Estate
Yet still a Figure makes amongst the Great :
And this he does, by virtue of a Die ;
Which seldom fails to Sham the Company.

Afranius shams his Friend, by forging Deeds :
In Court of Justice, 'gainst him, Friend proceeds.
Afranius, by his Skill in greasing Paw,
Gets himself quitted and so shams the Law.

From Hanger-on in Noble Family.

Strait, *Carbo*, Master of the House you see :
The Mother's Favour, and the Daughter's Love,
Make nothing lik'd, that *Carbo* don't Approve :
Thus fix'd, thus firmly seated on his Throne,
His Might and Power are with a Vengeance shown :
Scorns Tyrant-like his Empire to maintain
By the mean ways he did that Empire gain.
None here can now be Welcome as a Friend,
But what he's pleas'd as such to recommend :
There's scarcely Servant in the least Affair,
Dares, but by him, approach his Master's Ear :
Whereever he thinks fit the No to give,
Vain is become my Lord's Affirmative :
The frozen Snake, on least pretence of Strife,
Stings the kind Man, that warm'd him into Life.
You, that on this shall look as grand Abuse,
He but esteems too forward to Accuse :
Call't by the very worst of Names you can,
He thinks it but well Managing the Man.

To Pack the Jury, and the Judge to Bribe;
 What he shou'd Swear, the Witnesses to prescribe;
 Who with a formal Grace doth kiss the Book;
 Trips in no word; like Innocence doth look;
 Whilst that by him is solemnly averr'd,
 What he or never saw, or never heard;
 With many of our Traders in the Laws,
 Goes by the name of Managing a Cause.

Of him, for Coin some Corporation chose,
 Up to the Senate-House Triumphant goes,
 To sell his Country, Conscience, Ayes, and Noes:
 You may, perhaps, have an Opinion worse,
 Than of bold Padder, fights you for your Purse:
 But he, whilst Gain runs higher than his Cost,
 Thinks it a prudent Managing his Post.

Cornelia is so open in her Lust,
 With her own Spouse she dares her Amours trust;
 Makes him himself, whene'er she thinketh fit,
 Pimp in the case, as well as suffer it.
 This, once, Adult'ry was, a damning Fault,
 Now's but the Managing a Husband thought.

From House to House *Menenius* daily roams,
 Venting false Stories, wherefoe'er he comes:
 Pursue him, where h' has been, you plainly find,
 By the loud Lies he ever leaves behind.
 But is not this, you'll say, a grievous Sin?
 No, nothing, but his way of Bantering.

'Tis *Pansa's* Talent, and peculiar Gift,
 Still, wherefoe'er he comes, to Pump and Sift:
 When most his Mind he seemeth to display,
 'Tis but to hear what other Men will say;
 And gather thence whate'er he thinks may seem,
 In any sort to Disadvantage them.
 Brand him with his base Treacherous Intent;
 He nothing but a little Banter meant.

To City-Trader, the Year round doth bawl;
 Lack ye what I can Furnish ye withal?
 Come when ye will for what ye have to Buy,
 He with soft Tone, and Look demure, doth cry,
 There's none that Cheaper can his Goods afford
 Than I; if ye'll be pleas'd to take my Word.
 Dislike his Price; he says, I hope, you're willing,
 To let me Gain a Penny in the Shilling:
 I solemnly protest, I deal with you,
 Just as I wou'd with my own Father do:
 (And here I'm apt to think he speaketh True.)
 Offer to go, he pulls ye by the Sleeve;
 And further adds; If Man may Man believe!
 I Lose, if so I Sell, and cannot Live:
 But if ye are resolv'd no more to give;
 Rather than turn away a Customer,
 You, at the rate you Bid, shall have it, Sir.
 And now you think, you've got a wondrous Prize;
 When great from you's his Gain, as great to you his Lyes:
 To give him tho, in modern Phrase, his due,
 He has not Over-reach'd, but Banter'd you.
 But hold! 'tis time the Subject to give o're;
 Not clog the Reader with one Instance more:
 Enough in Conscience; what here's said doth shew,
 The Wonders these three charming Words can do.

THE Eighth SATYR,

In Dialogue betwixt *Herminius* and *Sabinus*.

H*Erm.* Come, tell me here, *Sabinus*, prithee do,
 Why still the Mode neglected is by you?
 Mithapen is your Suit; too broad's your Hat;
 Your Wig not full; too narrow your Cravat;

Buckle

Buckle too small ; too large your Flap of Shoe ;
You're out of Fashion, Man, from Top to Toe.

Sab. My Garb's to cover, not adorn my Skin ;
My Care's not Dress without, but Dress within :
But tho the Mode I slight, I decent go ;
As far from *Cynick's*, as from Dress of Beau.

Herm. 'Tis odd thus counter to the World to run ;
Not here to do what by the Most is done.

Sab. Is this your Sense of Things ? Have at you then ;
Let's take a short Survey of Modish Men.

Herm. 'Tis not what you, but the World thinks they
For which they either do, or need to care. [are,
The Spleen's so much, *Sabinus*, your Disease,
'Tis hard in any thing your Mind to please.

Sab. Why this to me ? I'm sure you will not say
That I least Peevishness of Mind betray ;
When you shall find by me, these only shown
Themselves in Glass less-flattering than their own.

One Evening in the *Park*, where those do meet,
Move like Machine on Wheels instead of Feet ;
Who their whole Morning spend in Artful Dress,
Nature's Defects to hide, or make 'em less :
Whose chiefest Cause for coming there is Shew,
Next to the having nothing else to do.
Pulvillus, with his nice observing Eye,
Sleeve of a Newer Cut than his doth spy ;
Thence he, who came in all his Trim of Pride,
To show his Person, strives himself to hide ;
And in Disorder makes a quick Return,
And casts his Suit before a Quarter-worn :
His Chamber keeps, no more abroad is seen,
Till *Monsieur Thimble* riggs him out agen !

A small Annuity, with smaller Place,
Is all the Income that *Lutarius* has :
Yet like the Frog (as Fable doth relate)
Wou'd swell an Imitation of the Great.

In what, you'll say? In Luxury and Feast?

No: at that Rate he dares not buy his Guests;

For some Days Gluttony to starve the rest.

What then; like them, does he maintain his Miss?

Nor has he Cash, tho' Will enough for this.

Is their beloved Dice his sole Delight?

He d lose his Thousand Guineas in a Night;

Be as good Purchase to the Rooks as they,

Had he but Lands to mortgage for his Pay;

'Tis Want that also here his Hand doth stay.

Is Mansion furnish'd more for Shew than Use?

Apes he the Nobles here in Wealth's Abuse?

Nothing of this so much as Decent has;

Does here ev'n Miser *Cæpio*'s Thrift surpass;

In a small Garret dwells the pretty Fool;

Lies upon Flocks; and dines upon a Stool:

And all this Sparing for no better End,

Than on Gay Plume what he can make to spend.

Who nothing more than Mode's quick Turns doth rue;

Which makes him sell the Old to purchase New.

Thus this mean Trifle Nothing lives at home;

That Something it abroad might seem to come.

Lollius grows weary of his Country Seat;

Cannot himself think Gentleman Compleat,

Shou'd he plod on i'th' Dull Old-fashion'd Ways,

His Ancestors had done in former Days:

Their Rustick Manner flights, of doing Good

With their much Wealth to their Poor Neighbourhood.

So leaving Native Soil, to Town he goes,

There strait a Man of Mode and Fashion grows;

Surrounded with Buffoons, Pimps, Parasites;

Masters that teach the Town's Refin'd Delights:

He Revels, Whores and Games, and Drinks and Swears;

Nothing which to his Ruin tends, forbears.

Thus living Little, spends that Fast Estate,

Which his Forefathers kept with living Great.

To

To see some Hours before he durst appear,
 Those Looks and Gestures he's each Day to wear,
 Nicely adjusted at his Glass, by *Titus*
 Wou'd even Laughter cause in *Heraclitus*.

Cinna, besides Nice Breeding here at home,
 Had seen the Choicest Parts of *Christendom* :
 What may we justly think from thence shou'd come,
 But Man Refin'd beyond all Gross Allay,
 Excelling Mortals fram'd from Common Clay ?
 No rash, no hasty Thing is *Cinna's* Dress,
 Done Hand o're Head with Unadvisedness ;
 But Regular Effect of Senate's Care,
 Oft meet in Council on the Grand Affair :
 Compos'd of them with Wash can mend the Face ;
 And those with others Looks the Noddle grace :
 Those also into Shape the Waste can bring,
 Where Nature has been wanting in the Thing ;
 Whose Skill and Art ('tis prov'd beyond all doubts,)
 Where Man is not, can make a Man of Clouts.
 With Milliners, Perfumers, Mercers, Drapers,
 And those that earn their Bread by Cutting Capers ;
 With many more, whose Names I'd here rehearse,
 Had I but Strength to drag 'em into Verse :
 Each in their several Ways for Business fit ;
 No meer Yes-No Man here does Sleeping sit.
 But Dress alone is not that weighty Thing
Cinna to Height of Mode is Curious in.
 To dine with an Acquaintance takes a Chair,
 To shun rude Puffs of discomposing Air ;
 Where little *Alamode de France* he sees ;
 Scarce Object meets, that with his Mind agrees.
 In sitting, first uneasy grows the Man.
 Why ? Look, has Frame of Chair the true *Japan* ?
 The Table's ill proportion'd to the Room ;
 Besides, no Matt to catch a dropping Crumb :

Napkins

Napkins and Cloth are or too short or long;
 And Meal it self is plac'd in Figure wrong:
 Knives, Forks, Plates, Spoons, Stands, Dishes, Cruets,
 Except the Pepper-box have all their Faults; [Salts,
 For which, in Mode or not, he never car'd,
 Since once unlucky Chance his Health impair'd:
 No Fricassee, Pottage, nor fine Ragou;
 Nought but plain Boil'd and Roast, and with old Sawces too.
 He came to eat indeed, but now alas!
 'Tis otherwise, quite alter'd is the Case:
 His Stomach's turn'd by disobliging Sight;
 He labours under Loss of Appetite.
 His treating Friend observing his Chagrin,
 Cries, Feed, Dear Sir, you're welcome; what d'you mean?
 We Nothing have your Palace suits, I fear;
 And that you'll hardly find a Dinner here.
 Boy, Fill a Glass. This, Sir, I dare commend:
 'Tis *Bordeaux* right; sent from Obliging Friend:
 Merchant's nor Vintner's Cellar never knew,
 Those Poys'ners both of Wines and Bodies too:
 But pure as from the Grape it first did come;
 Nor fin'd by Hinglass, nor rais'd by Stum.
 He drinks, spits, shakes his Head, and makes a Face.
 Why so? The Creature's good. But see; the Glass
 Wants the New Form: besides, 'tis Bottled Wine;
 Ten times worse Liquor had from Flask been Fine.
 In all his Life so grand a Modist he,
 That shou'd the World (but ah! 'twill ne're) agree,
 That to be Virtuous thou'd be *Alamode*,
 Plain Honesty in all Mens Actions shou'd;
 He'd struggle hard with stubborn Flesh and Blood;
 Rather than out of Fashion, he'd be Good.

I with *Curtillus* had, not long ago,
 Some little Business for a Friend to do;
 On which Occasion to the Spark I went,
 Whom finding in a mighty Discontent;

I askt

I askt the Cause. My Man ! my Man, says he !
 Ne're, surely, ne're was Mortal serv'd like me !
 To raise in you, said I, Concern so great,
 Sure, he has either Robb'd your Cabiner,
 Ravish'd your Mistriss, or done something Worse.
 No, no, a Curse upon the Rogue ! a Curse !
 Cries he ! this Morn, i'th' Wig I was to Wear,
 I from its Curl found a loose stragling Hair ;
 And this is now the Sixth, or Seventh time,
 The Rascal has been Guilty of the Crime :
 I'll bear't no more ; he shall no longer stay ;
 I'll Pay him off, and turn the Rogue away :
 I'll send to all the Parts in *Christendom*,
 But one I'll find, knows how to use a Comb.
 Seeing him in this sort go on to rave ;
 High time I thought it was, to take my Leave :
 To talk of Business finding him unfit ;
 I took more proper time for doing it.

Herm. These are all Arrant Fashionists ; for these,
 I've nothing to reply, say what you please.
 As to my self ; I things in Fashion wear,
 But to avoid the being Singular.

THE

THE Ninth SATYR.

In Dialogue betwixt *Laelus* and *Fidenas*.

LÆL. Where'er I will, *Fidenas*, let me come,
You still amongst your Books, I find at home:
If I my Mind with freedom may disclose,
I think, a far more Manlike Life you chose,
When less your Conversation, heretofore,
Was with the Dead, and with the Living, more.

Fid. True; to the World my self I once did trust;
Where still I met with something to disgust:
And so wou'd you; and thence its Converse shun,
If you had Study'd it as I have done.

In Visit to *Pantilius*, what d'you find,
But Clack runs on without the help of Mind?
Which, if consider'd right, 's as odd a thing,
As striking Clock, without a moving Spring:
And wou'd at Fairs to Boys for Pence be shown;
But that such Things too commonly are known.
He tells you first, as if you knew it not,
In Winter that 'ris Cold, in Summer Hot:
Next, a long tedious Story you must hear,
What both his Own, and Wife's Relations are:
Thence to the Camps in Foreign Lands he flies;
And talks of Trophies and of Victories:
Then home again returns his fine Discourse,
To let you know, last Week, he Bought a Horse:
The pretty Pranks he acted, when a Boy,
Are the next things your Ears to load and cloy:

These

These ended, he, without least stop or stay,
 Where a Month since he Din'd, goes on to say;
 Their Meat o're Roasted, Pudding Water-flain,
 Caus'd him to wish himself at Home again.
 Then upon Politicks he falls, to shew
 What Things the Senate, if they wou'd, might do:
 And then laments his Honest Servant *John*,
 Resolves at last to Marry, and be gone:
 Names you the day he took a swinging Vomit:
 ('Tis well, if here, you keep your Stomach from it.)
 'Gainst *Hobbs* his Train of Thoughts; the witty *Tim*,
 Has not one Rambler can compare with him.

Can, than with *Salla*, time be worser lost,
 Who Treats you at your own and others Cost;
 To whom it is as Nat'ral to Bespatter,
 As 'tis for Cats to Scratch, or Pyes to Chatter?
 Do you before him any one Extol;
 He has a But at hand to Ruin all.
 Say, that you *Junius* always Pleasing see.
 Aye, But you Know him not so well as he.
 That *Camerinus* has a Charming Wit.
 Aye, But too much Affects the showing it.
 That *Stella* uses well a fair Estate;
 Supports the Poor; the Rich doth finely Treat.
 Aye, But is much in Debt, doth daily Waste;
 And at this rate, 'tis thought, not long can last.
 Ask him, from whence this Story of his Debts?
 Indeed, he at the present quite forgets:
 Urge him to purpose; the Abusive Prate,
 You'll find, at first, pick'd up at *Stella's* Gate,
 By Beggars there reliev'd; from Servant came;
 Such as but too too many, one might name,
 Make it their Work their Masters to Defame.
 But further here to try him, turn your Tale,
 And from Commending, do but fall to Rail;

With all that you can utter, he shall close;
 Both how you will, and whom you will **Expose**;
 Pick out the Best of Men you know, and strive
 To paint him as the Vilest Rogue alive;
 He grins, and smacks, and hugs himself, and cries,
 I'm glad, that some agree with my **Surmise**;
 I on the Man as such did ever look;
 And wonder him the World so long mistook.
 Be but you gone, and others take your place;
 You are ript up, and found as others Base.
 Such, as mad Dogs, *Laelius*, we ought to shun;
 Bite all they meet, as they Trot on and on.

As Proverb speaks, *Pomponius* is a Man,
 Has not one Goose, but is with him a Swan;
 In all the Country, his the Finest Seat;
 His Wine the Finest; his the Finest Meat;
 His Dogs the Finest, or for Chase, or Course;
 For Sport or Journey his the Finest Horse;
 Nay, his Tobacco-Stopper, you shall find,
 When spoken of, the Finest in its Kind.
 Tho' not one Syllable of this be true;
 Yet if his Company be kept by you,
 You must not grudge your Reason to forego,
 If you your self wou'd here obliging show:
 But, like an Eccho, Answer what he says;
 Or if you can, than his give greater Praise.

At *Glabrio's* what d'you meet, but Wicked Crowd,
 Of such as *Barrus*, *Barrus* vain and loud;
 Who though too bad it self be his Discourse,
 Does yet by larding Oaths still make it worse?
 Or *Bibulus*, who nothing has to say,
 But, Stands the Glas at you? Come, pull away,
 And save a Tide: Who still his Note doth keep,
 Till empty Head he fills, and falls Asleep?
 Or *Macerinus*, from whom Bumpers fly,
 In Volleys, till he slays the Company;

Who

Who Field of Drinking Battle ever won;
 And who by Hoghead only is out done.
 Such Conversation none can sure approve,
 Either for Soul or Body has a Love.

At Cotta's you must patience have to hear
 The Tattle he picks up both far and near:
 How such and such a Husband and his Wife
 Mainly accord, or mainly are at strife;
 What passes 'twixt the Mistress and the Maid;
 What Man and Master to each other said:
 What Virgin's plagu'd with Lovers more than one;
 And who is worser plagu'd with having none:
 Who Whores; who Drinks; who Games; who Spares; who
 Who Mortgages; and who the Money lends, [Spends;
 He, in a trice shall make you Forty Matches;
 This is to Marry that, and Fortune catches:
 T'other will be, tho' She at present scorns;
 And when he's yok'd he surely catches Horns:
 Others, he hears, that are to have and hold;
 Some are to meet with Slur, and some with Scold:
 And several more are coupled by the Prater,
 Who do themselves know nothing of the Matter:
 And more than all us know, he knoweth where
 One Married Woman don't the Breeches wear.
 He e're in's Head keeps of such Trash a Sett,
 As others, if they knew, would labour to forget;
 Has of it greater Store than People bring
 To Bakehouse, Barber's Shop, or Gossiping.

Who is't can bear with *Gracchus* the Buffoon,
 That's still for running one or other down;
 And him perhaps of all deserves it least,
 Pelts and affronts with rude ill-natur'd Jest:
 He has some Sense indeed, the World must own;
 But wou'd be better Company with none.

Can any, has a just esteem for Truth,
Gnathon approve, whose Business 'tis to sooth;

Who

Who can the Dull for Wit and Parts commend;
 And for fine Shape and Face his ugly Friend;
 An Ass can dress in noble Lion's Skin,
 Yet not so well but that his Ears are seen.
 The Trencher-fly can you be pleas'd to hear
 Blow with his nauseous Praise his Patron's Ear?
 Such as *Cynæthus*, as 'tis said of old,
 Gave to his Master, troubled with a Cold;
 Who told him, in his grand Applause of it,
 His Cough was Musick, and in Tune he spit.

Is not Fop *Didius* charming Company,
Didius as full of Tricks as Monkeys be;
 Who kicks a Stick from hand, and twirls a Hat;
 Slily affronts a Nose by Shoulder-pat;
 Turns nimbly on his Heel, and leaps a Stool;
 Is his own Wit, and other People's Fool?

Now, in all places these so thick are spread,
 With such Increase under each Climate bred;
 One scarce can step abroad but on 'em he must tread.
 Let me with Books converse, and nor with these
 Obliging Books at once instruct and please:
 No Lewdness here to give me an Offence;
 Nothing of troublesome Impertinence;
 No base Design, no scurvy Trick I fear;
 All is right Honest, all is Real here.

Lael. Indeed, we but too many daily see,
 To whom your Characters apply'd may be.
 Yet there are Men for Conversation fit;
 Men that have Honour, Learning, Candor, Wit.

Fid. 'Tis true, such Men there are; the Thing I own;
 But then I'd fain that happy Place be shown,
 Where such are to be found; and such alone.
 The World's so vile a Medley, to your Loss,
 With Ounce of Gold you must take ten of Dross.

Lael. Have you, *Fidenas*, *Columella* seen,
 Who in our Neighbourhood some Time has been?

Fid.

Fid. I've heard that such a Neighbour we have got;
But never saw the Man : I know him not.

Lael. I know him ; hay, it is my happy Fate,
To be already with him intimate :
And I do think him worth your being so ;
The best of any in the World I know.
Here the blest Place you mention'd you may see ;
If Invitation to't you'll take from me :
Here hearty Welcome you'll be sure to have,
For he can gi't who is no Wedded Slave ;
Who has no Topping Dame, no Governess,
To head his Board, and frown upon his Guests :
All Curtains-Lectare is to him unknown,
For Kindness to his Friends in Treatment shewn ;
He's none of those can't say his Soul's his own :
Nor one of those which are your Servant, Sir,
Before your Face ; when gone, your Censurer ;
Invite you to their House, to taste their Cheer,
And after Curse you for your coming there :
Nor is he of that Sort, who when you've Din'd,
With Drinking make you leave your Meal behind :
Nor such as they to Modest Guests are rude,
By their Discourses impudent and lewd.
With him you need not in the least to fear
Or the debauching Appetite or Ear :
Nor is he one of Sett and Formal Way,
To which you must confine what're you say ;
His Table's Converse equally is free
From starcht Preciseness, and loose Ribaldry ;
His Meate from killing Arts of Luxury.
What he provides, is plain and wholesom Fare,
As easy to Digest as to Prepare !
No Costly Glut for Body there you'll find ;
But noble Entertainments of the Mind,
From him, with some few Boar's, a Kind of Man,
The like I know not in the World agen.

Of Reading, no Pedantical Conceit;
 On Points no stiff, and obstinate Debate,
 In Conversation here you'll find; but each
 As free to learn in Turn, as free to teach:
 No one for running others Merits down,
 From thence to raise, and to proclaim his own;
 No Wit of the obscene or railing kind,
 No Raillery but what's with Manners joyn'd;
 Nought spoken with a fly and subtle Fetch;
 Nothing of Silence, lying on the Catch:
 Here safe you talk, here easy sit you may,
 Dreading no treacherous Gloss on what you say.

Fid. To-morrow call me, if the thing be so;
 You need not fear but with you I shall go;
 In hopes of Treatment of that pleasing kind,
 Which I in this loose World despair'd to find.

F I N I S.

Errata.

Read thus, in p. 19: l. 38: your works are,
 Nauting, w: p. 21: l. 28: Thee, chastest.
 w: p. 23: l. 23: force, w: p. 24: l. 15: adverse.
 w: p. 55: l. 35: latch.